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T O T H E

I R R E V E R E N D

M R. C - - - - S C - - - - - L,

In His Own STYLE and MANNER.

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[Price One Shilling.]

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EPISTLE

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TO THE

IRREVEREND

MR. C - - - - - S C - - - - - L,

K

In His OWN STYLE and MANNER.

*Nec lex est æquior ullæ
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.*

OVID.



L O N D O N :

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PISTLE

TO THE

IRREVEND

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TH E Poems of Mr. C-----/, to which all Decency is a Stranger, have met with a reception from the Public, that nothing but the vitiated Taste and perfect dissoluteness of the present Times could have afforded: and many have absurdly conceived that they contain the emanations of true Genius. Should this be granted, it is certainly of the most abject kind; since their real Merit solely consists in reducing to Rhime and Measure the most outrageous Obloquy of a Virulent Virago; and which till this hour has been deemed neither meritorious nor honourable.

TH E Author of the subsequent Epistle is firmly convinced that almost any Poet, who can persuade himself to throw aside the most laudable Sensations of Humanity, may equally succeed in indecent and unjust Satire with the late Divine. If approbation should attend the following attempt to resemble him, the Writer of it assures his Readers, that the Lines which are most similar to Mr. C-----/'s in hardness of expression, are those which
cost

cost him the least pains, and of which he is most ashamed, respecting Poetical Merit. Indeed, he does not attribute this Facility to that unbounded Scope, which a total disregard to decency and good manners afforded Mr. C-----, but to the vicious qualities of the objects of his Satire, the Criminal Proceedings of whom must create in every mind, not totally lost to virtuous Sensations, an aversion not less animating than the inspiration of sublimer Subjects. For who is there that ardently loves Virtue, and does not detest Vice with equal fervour?

PERHAPS there are not in his Majesty's dominions two Men, besides the most conspicuous in the following Lines, to whom the Strictures which they contain, would not be an injustice. Who but W-----, under the most justifiable imputation of having committed the most flagrant acts of Immorality, of Disloyalty and of Blasphemy, has at any time pretended to be the Friend of Liberty and the Laws, and the Lover of his Country? and what Poet, C-----, excepted, has presumed to adopt the cause of Religion and Virtue, and to satirize others for the Violation of them, after a formal renunciation of both? Such Characters are not sufficiently to be detested.

Not-

Notwithstanding the most caustic invectives which can be expressed by words, are not sufficient to convey an Idea of their demerits, and that Justice would sanctify every Line of them, the Author feels a painful Sensation from the manner in which he has deservedly treated these Men as the humane Judge frequently does at the sentencing those to Death whose Crimes have justly doomed them to that ignominious Fate.

At the same time he intreats the Pardon of those exalted Personages, whose Names are to be found in the same pages with the above mentioned Reprobates. They were introduced therein, for the same reason that Painters make use of strong Lights and Shadows, in order to give Relief and Strength to their productions, that the Public may discern by this Contrast the Virtues and the Vices of the different Persons in their true Light; and be thence induced to renounce their attachments to the Profligate; and fix them on those, who by chastising the most enormous Criminals, are deservedly regarded as the true Friends of Liberty, Religion, and the Constitution.

Understanding the most casual inquiries which can
be made by words are not sufficient to convey an
idea of the depth and that which would finally
lead to them, the Author has a general intention
to show in a plain and simple manner that the
most common and familiar words are not so simple
as they are generally supposed to be.

The first part of the work is devoted to the
explanation of the most common words, and the
second part to the explanation of the most
familiar words. The third part is devoted to the
explanation of the most difficult words, and the
fourth part to the explanation of the most
obscure words. The fifth part is devoted to the
explanation of the most rare words, and the
sixth part to the explanation of the most
curious words. The seventh part is devoted to the
explanation of the most interesting words, and the
eighth part to the explanation of the most
valuable words. The ninth part is devoted to the
explanation of the most useful words, and the
tenth part to the explanation of the most
important words.

W. A.



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A N
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T O T H E
I R R E V E R E N D

M R. C - - - - - S C - - - - - L.



WHEN Indignation, 'gainst the vicious Herd,
Flows from the sense of Virtue in the Bard:
When the Heart dictates what the Head designs,
And Truth and Justice sanctify the Lines;
We own his Title to the caustic Strain;
We feel th' infliction, and we scarce complain.
But when a Poet, whose malignant Breast
Is fraught with all those vices Men detest,
Draws from that loathsome Storehouse ev'ry Crime
Which damns the Characters he dooms to Rhime,
And all the Pictures which his Pen pourtrays
Are but hisself design'd in diff'rent ways.

B

Resolve

Resolve me, C-----l, thou, from Conscious Sense,
 Canst fix the Ratio of such Impudence ;
 Shall we detest him, or despise him most,
 Of all bad Men egregiously the worst ?
 If from the former thou derivate thy claim
 To lash the vicious —— why the good defame ?
 Why, Butcher-like in Genius as in Make,
 Cleave half mankind for a Blasphemer's sake ?
 Can the Enthusiasm of a virtuous heart
 Wing the swift flight of thy envenom'd Dart ?
 When, while thou'rt drench'd in Wine, with dainties fed,
 The Parish Sexton gives thy Children bread :
 When, while from Stew to Stew you lewdly stray,
 Debauch all Night, and slander all the Day,
 The Harlot's Lap the ill-earned Gold receives,
 Which malediction in thy verses gives,
 Why is thy Comfort from thy Bosom thrust,
 Exposed a Prey to ev'ry Letcher's Lust,
 That want may urge what Virtue would deny,
 And yield a pretext to thy Cruelty ?
 Ill-fated Maid, the Crime of all whose Life
 Is to have been a graceless Sc-u-dr-l's Wife.

Can this be C-----l, thro' whose glowing Lines
 The Man of Virtue so Conspicuous shines ?

'Tis his best Part —— the Tale is half untold
Which all his profligacy shall unfold.

Mark him destructive where his footsteps bend,
With Arts insidious to undo his Friend;
With social Hand beneath his Roof receiv'd,
That very Hand his former wants reliev'd;
With dire Hypocrisy his Face o'erspread,
Hell in his Heart and Treach'ry in his Head.
He lulls the Father with fair Friendship's Lore,
Then steals his Daughter to be made a W---e.

fed, Tho' black the Thought, and dreadful be the Deed,
Which God's abhorrence and which Man's forbid;
Yet there's one Palliative, tho' small it be,
Which might alleviate this rank Crime in thee.
Had Love or Lust, unconscious of Controul,
Borne moral Sense and Reason from thy Soul,
Thou mightst have urged that little in thy cause,
The foulest Breach of hospitable Laws.
Yet that Excuse thou, Vil--in, canst not make;
Thou fell Destroyer for Destruction's sake,
Without one spark of passion in thy Breast,
Which might the Horrors of this Act suggest,
Thou cool delib'rate Pimp, thou Priest accurst,
Thou Pandar vile to a Blasphemer's Lust,

The Maid deflow'rd, the pineing Parents Tear
 Mark thee of Belzebub the Volunteer.
 Thy God forsaking, by thy God forsook,
 Ev'n Hell with horror at thy Actions shook.
 This, this thou art who tune'st fair Virtue's Lay
 To lure the Innocent and to betray.

Thus the Hyæna feigns the Infants cry,
 T' ensnare the Traveller that passes by,
 Who moved by Nature's Plea, by Fraud beguil'd,
 Returns to save from Death th' imagin'd Child ;
 Forth from its Ambush in the treach'rous Wood,
 The Monster leaps, and drinks his vital Blood.
 Ag'in'st such wiles may Virtue steel each Breast,
 The bloodiest Brute is an apostate Priest.

Here would I rest —— I would suspend the Rod.
 Thou once, I know, wert Servant to thy God.
 Here would I rest, but Love of human kind,
 With honest Ardour urges all my Mind,
 To paint the Snake which lurks in rosey Bow'rs,
 That charms the Animal, and then devours.

Why from the hallowed Altar didst thou fly
 To wine, *W*——s, Riot, Lust, Obscenity?
 With Atheist hand an Atheist Genius aid,
 And mend his Lines which Blasphemy had made?

You,

You, harden'd Wretch, with Vanity who boast,
 Your dire revolting from the LORD of Host,
 Say to what Vices does thy Soul aspire,
 Pimp, Pandar, Parasite, Apostate, Lyar?
 No Language yet, in old or modern Times,
 Apt Words can furnish to express thy Crimes.
 To whate'er thought can reach, or what combine
 In endless years, that Catalogue is thine.

And yet thou Miscreant, with malicious Pen,
 Dost dare to blast the fame of honest Men;
 Ev'n *W*——s applaud, and impudently join
 His Name and Virtue in the self-same Line.
 With Lords confer, and in the Patriot Strain,
 Swear that Corruption tempteth thee in vain.
 Wilt thou, who stol'st his Daughter from thy Friend,
 Refuse with Gold corrupt thy wants to mend?
 Dead to the sense of Husband and of Sire,
 Can thy cold Heart thy Country's Love inspire?
 That Heart yet more relentless than the Rock
 Which pour'd its Blessings when by Moses struck.
 Wilt thou, Revolter from Religion's cause,
 Die in Defence of England and her Laws?
 The Curse of Scotland thou affect'st to be;
 Nor does thy Country suffer less from thee.

To

To God a Rebel, and to *W*——s a Friend,
 Wilt thou thy King with Loyalty defend?
 Mountains to move that Faith which may prevail,
 Cannot give credit to so strange a Tale.
 And yet thou Bard, with most audacious Eye,
 Canst lift thy forehead to the frowning Sky,
 Invoke thy God t' inspire thy ranc'rous breast,
 Where naught inhabits but what God detest.

On what is founded thy poetic Fame? ——
 To speak in Verse, what Prosemen dares not name;
 To ev'ry Mortal ev'ry Vice t' ascribe,
 Who does not roar in thy rebellious Tribe;
 With furious Fish-Women in style to vie;
 Rude Billingsgate thy University.
 Is there an outline in thy Pourtraits true?
 Thou givest to —— what is —— due.
 Where is the Touch that will no other Mark? ——
 Thou paint'st with Charcoal Pictures in the dark,
 The look, the air, the features to distort.
 And damn the likeness, —— if the drawing hurt.
 Are these the Talents which the Muses give
 To Bards whose Satire they intend shall live?

Suppose that *H--f--n*, now with painting tired,
 Because no Lady sits who is not hired,

H--f--n

H--f--n thy Friend, should once again essay
 To draw his Objects in the usual way,
 Should the chief Workmanship of Heav'n disgrace,
 And give to Stella Infernella's face,
 Extend the Mouth, the Nose set all awry,
 And give the Wilkian cast to Beauty's Eye,
 Would you the Picture know, the Painter praise?
 Such is the Merit then of all thy Lays.

'Tis from the Rancour of the Reader's heart,
 Thy Fame has sprung, and not from thy desert.

Such is the Bard ——— the Hero now I sing,
 Who wakes the Voice of thy applausive String.
*W----*s is the Man ——— from Heav'n I ask no aid,
 No Pow'r inspiring, no harmonious Maid.
 All Heav'n recoils at a Blasphemer's name,
 To hold his Mem'ry from the List of Fame.

To Shades embow'ring, and the tuneful Rill,
 Where Birds with Music all the Region fill,
 Where Flowers with Beauty deck the blooming Earth,
 And Zephir fans the Air with fragrant Breath,
 The blissful Scene wherein the Muses stray,
 Thither I haste, and wait th' inspired Lay.
 I name my Theme ——— the Muses instant fly, .
 Scared at the direful thought of Blasphemy ;

Mute

Mute is the feather'd Choir, the Blossoms fade,
 The Stream runs silent, wither'd is the Shade,
 Loud roar the Winds, th' astonish'd Mountains nod,
 All Nature suffers in the Cause of God.

In vain to Heav'n and Nature I apply,
 Let me the Pow'rs of Stygian darkness try.
 Send, Satan, send thy List of blackest Rhime,
 To sing the Man infernally sublime ;
 With Hangmen's Halters string thy jarring lyre ;
 Send me the Thoughts Damnation may inspire.
 He yields ! my Song in *W----*'s Cause to aid,
 Head, Heart and Features in his Image made ;
 All Hell applauds him thro' the dire Abode,
 Because like Hell he wages War with God.
 Now may I hope, in feeble Lines at best,
 To sketch the Man whom Nature must detest.
 Now may I hope, the Fiend inspiring me,
 In Verse Satanic, Charles, to rival thee.

As on the Mountain's Top, with aching Eye
 I stretch my Ken, each Object to descry ;
 Strive as I may th' visual Pow'rs t' extend,
 Distance shall Thousands from my view defend :
 So in th' expanse of the nefarious Soul,
 Of *W----*'s blasphemous, who can see the whole?

What

What Tongue relate the number of his Crimes,
 Tho' Satan furnish Verse, Ideas, Rhimes?
 I pass the Wife expell'd, the Nuptial Bed,
 By Whores polluted whom her fortune fed;
 The Midnight Riot, and the Jest obscene,
 Virgins seduced, and Ribaldry profane;
 Sins that to Infamy would others doom,
 In *W---s*'s Character as Virtues bloom.

Ill-fated —— had that ready hand,
 Which snatch'd the Libel from the Hangman's brand,
 In happy hour been present to thy aid,
 When a worse Subject to the flames convey'd }
 That Paper obligation which he made, }
 Thou hadst receiv'd that Money from one Brother,
 Which thou in vain expectest from the other.
 Why then does Pelf the Love of Justice chase?
 Why dost thou hold him from the Hemp's Embrace?
 Must the same Luck his Works and him pursue,
 And Newgate, Fire and Tyburn lose their due?
 The Laws invoke thee to an Expiation,
 Prove that one Jew deserves Nat'ralization.

Heav'n in Compassion to this guilty Isle,
 Deigns with propitious Look once more to smile,

C

And

And sends a Prince to Heav'n so near ally'd,
 Such ancient Gratitude hath deified.
 View him as Sire, as Husband, Son and Friend,
 Love, Duty, Friendship all their Virtues blend,
 To form the Sov'reign, who by Heav'n design'd,
 His Saviour like, spoke Peace to half Mankind.
 Is there a Source from whence Oppressions flow?
 Is there a Suff'ring which his Subjects know?
 With Godlike Heart he wishes not t' efface,
 And endless Blessings in their Room to place.

When in the Regions of extatic Bliss,
 Angels grew insolent with Happiness;
 One * squint-'ey'd Leader, with insidious Tongue,
 Defamed th' Almighty whence their Blessings sprung;
 With joy malignant saw Sedition rise,
 And spread Rebellion thro' th' astonish'd Skies;
 Swift from the heavenly Mansions he was hurl'd,
 Doom'd to just Torments in th' infernal World.

Thus the true Type of Satan stalks on Earth,
 And spreads Sedition with insidious Breath,
 Against that Prince, than whom a better King
 Did never Blessings to a Nation bring.

* Satan with Eye askant.

MILTON.

As

As high his Virtues to the Skies extend,
 As *W-----s*'s Vices down to Hell descend.
 Such are the extremes, nor wider can you trace
 Thro' all existence of the human Race:
 Yet there are Subjects who each nerve exert,
 To prop this Rebel and that King subvert.

By Thousands follow'd impudent and blind,
 By Thousands foster'd trait'rously inclin'd,
 Of dire Revolt the Spirit to expand;
 To curse the Subjects of his native Land;
W-----s gives fair Freedom's Face to factious Heart;
 With Patriot Tinsel tips his envious Dart;
 Which, Tyrrel like with fatal hand to fling,
 Miss'd the Scotch Hart, and pierced the lawful King.

Happy the Realm which providently draws
 From heav'nly Origin her sacred Laws.
 Proportion'd Punishment the Guilt attends
 Of Men rebellious, as of fallen Fiends.
 Hence, *W-----s*, like Satan, by a just Decree,
 Shall feel th' effect of his Apostacy.

Loft as he is —— he is of human Race
 Tho' all his Deeds Humanity disgrace.
 I am a Man and feel for all Mankind,
 Did one repentant Thought transfix his mind,

I would from prying Eyes his Guilt conceal,
Which thrills my Soul with Horror to reveal.
But God, my King, my Country and her Laws,
All that is dear invite me to their Cause,
To warn the Virtuous from Corruption's Lure,
And shame th' Abandon'd I despair to cure.

Strange are the Passions which incite the World.
Some central drawn, and some eccentric hurl'd.
Old —— thirsts for Gold, and thirsting still;
Fears he grows poorer as his Coffers fill,
Whilst —— with not more virtuous view,
Yearns for the golden Mountains of Peru,
With Joy t' exert his Avarice of Vice,
And feed his Letch'ry whatsoe'er the price.
In one Intent precisely both agree,
To starve all Merit wheresoe'er it be.

Grenville and Hallifax, tho' Faction's breath
Should shake with Tempests this ungrateful Earth,
Sustain'd by Wisdom, and thro' Virtue brave,
With steady steps shall King and Kingdom save;
And Sandwich, ardent in that Cause to vie,
Gives to thy Infamy the daily lye;
That Cause which those maliciously withstand,
Who to Oppression doom'd their native Land:

Who

Who to their Idol, Vanity, did flay
 More human Victims in one merc'less Day,
 Than on the Altar, barb'rous and profane,
 Of bloody Moloch were in Ages slain.

Bless'd are the Nations who that Prince obey,
 Where Wisdom holds the Scales of Equity :
 Nor Gold nor Grandeur Poverty out-weighs ;
 Nor Friend nor Foe can warp her just Decrees.
 See in th' illustrious Senate Henley rise,
 The Love of England darting from his Eyes ;
 He scorns the means, illusion may impart ;
 Truth tunes his Tongue, and Virtue fires his Heart ;
 Like Bacon learn'd in scientific Lore,
 Loyal as Clarendon, and firm as More ;
 Warm to support his Sov'reign's Dignity,
 And blend Prerogative with Liberty ;
 With Zeal to guard the Subject and the Throne
 From Men who hate all Power but their own.

Granby, the bravest Man beneath the Sun,
 Mourns that one virtuous Act is left undone.
 While *W*----s laments, to his Sensations true,
 That not one Virtue's left him to subdue.

Mark how his Crimes with nice Gradation rise,
 What vast Extent ! from Earth to reach the Skies.

Who

With

With ev'ry Energy that fires the Heart,
 In Men who lust their Country to subvert,
 That not one Obligation may remain,
 Which may the Profligate from Vice restrain :
 That not one Spark of pure celestial Fire
 May virtuous Souls to virtuous Deeds inspire ;
 He wakes that Outrage which the Laws defies,
 Reviles his King, and mounts to Blasphemies.

Is there a Thought stupendously obscene,
 From Men or Brutes Lasciviousness can glean ;
 Is there a Precept in the Gospel giv'n
 To fix our Happiness on Earth, in Heav'n ;
 Or one Idea, *W-----s* does not produce
 Profanely cloth'd his Saviour to traduce ?
 Sounds that would shock a Messalina's Ear,
 And freeze the Blood of Chastity to hear ;
 All the licentious Painter can express
 In Moments fired with lewdest Wantoness ;
 With all that Language can impure imply
 To turn rank Bawdy into Blasphemy,
 And in one Piece most impiously combine
 The Crimes of Cl-la-nd, W--lst-n, Ar-tine ;
 These, these, blasphemous Renegade, are thine. }

That

That God benign, who willingly resign'd
 His sacred Life to save all humankind,
 With sacrilegious Hand he strives to place
 Below the vilest of the brutal Race.
 But I must hold —— I feel, th' offended Skies
 Forbid me to disclose his Blasphemies.
 My Blood runs cold: my Heart forgets to beat,
 And Horror numbs me when I would repeat.
 This is the Man, thy Hero wise and good,
 Who dares to stem Corruption's rapid Flood;
 With Patriot Pow'rs who Freedom's Cause sustains,
 And holds that Bliss yet ling'ring on our plains,
 The W---e's Delight, the madding Rable's Boast,
 Sedition's Chieftain, and the City's Toast.
 All all resound great W-----s and Liberty,
 And link a Devil with a Deity.
 For him the Law her Justice must suspend,
 To his Behests the Legislature bend;
 Whilst he pursues that honourable Theme,
 His King to libel, and his God blaspheme.

Hide, hide your Face from offended Heav'n,
 You who to Sacrilege have Sanction giv'n.
 Are you the Champions to support our Laws,
 Who thus defend their vile Infraction's Cause?

Is it from Loyalty those Actions spring,
 To save the Rebel who defames his King?
 Of injured Heav'n do you revere the Rod,
 Who thus sustain the Renegade of God?
 Flee, flee the Senate, flee the Wrath to come,
 Be in this impious Cause for ever dumb.
 Let Conscience check th' Emotions as they rise,
 And shun the poignant Dart of purer Eyes;
 Or Scorn shall hiss you wheresoe'er you go,
 And ev'ry Tongue pronounce you Britain's Foe.
 For know vain Men, that tho' no Thunders roll
 To dart Destruction thro' his daring Soul,
 That God to George, his Delegate, hath giv'n
 The righteous means t' avenge the Cause of Heav'n.

F I N I S.



